THE OBSERVER.

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BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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For the Observer.

THE CAMELEON...No. II.....BY THOMAS FICKLE, ESQ.

When a writer commences a periodical paper, he generally informs his readers of his situation and pursuits in life. In conformity with this custom, I shall devote part of the present number to that purpose, and hope this sketch of my character will induce them to desire a further acquaintance with me..... The *law* is my profession, and having not long been in practice, like many of my brethren, I am not overburdened with business. My time is therefore employed in reading, making observations upon the occurrences of the day and mingling in the amusements of the town. Thus I have an opportunity of discovering the virtues and follies of mankind, and can ridicule their frivolities without exposing myself to their invective. Let it not however be supposed that I delight in finding fault, or that I view my fellow-creatures with a malignant eye. Far otherwise. I am naturally of a lively disposition and may without vanity or falsehood assert, that I have a liberal heart, disposed to admire rather than condemn, and anxious for the welfare of every individual in society.

There are two species of critics. One examines with a desire of discovering errors; hence he views the objects of his investigation with a microscopic eye, and if they are not exactly conformable to *his* ideas of perfection, he endeavours by detraction to sully their reputation.....The other is far more liberal.....He possesses generosity and impartiality.....The first induces him to disregard slight shades of imperfection; the last, though necessitated to expose faults, delights in pointing out beauties. These remarks are general. They apply not only to those who criticise on books, but to such as delineate characters. The first species deserves no credit, since all can find fault: the others are not only more amiable, but evince greater genius and penetration. In the most finished works, the *Spectator* for instance, all may discover small errors, but it requires taste and an acquaintance with polite literature to perceive and admire the delicate tints of beauty which have been touched by the masterly hand of Addison. To the latter class I wish to be allied, and hope that my future conduct will entitle me to the appellation of a true critic.

Lest I should hereafter give cause of complaint to gentlemen or ladies who may suppose themselves alluded to under fictitious characters, I here declare myself an enemy to all personality. *Vices*, not *persons* shall be the subject of animadversion. The fear, however, of offending shall not prevent me from personifying frivolities, and if any one thinks himself particularly alluded to, I hope his good sense and my assurance that the characters will be drawn from my own imagination will induce him to be silent and not needlessly inveigh against the author of these remarks.

It has ever been the custom of periodical writers to attack the ladies and expose them to ridicule. It evinces such a want of gallantry and indeed of generosity, that I have been always unable to assign the reason. Perhaps their great regard for "the fairest of nature's works," induced them to contribute towards raising them to a higher degree of perfection; but they should have remembered that too much censure is apt to disgust those to whom it is directed, and therefore frequently does no service. I shall endeavour to profit by their errors, and shall act with the strictest impartiality. I am a sincere friend and a warm admirer of the female sex. Daily experience convinces me of their virtues, and should I deviate from the path which I wish to pursue, should I become the champion of either, they should certainly receive my most strenuous support. That there is great room for improvement among the gentlemen of this city, cannot be denied; and upon a comparison between the sexes, it will be found, that in intellectual improvement we are far inferior to them. Have we then a right to expose them to ridicule when we are ourselves deficient? First let us remove the *beam* from our own eyes and then perhaps we shall be better calculated to discover the *moat* in theirs. And here let me remark, that their education enables them to defend themselves, and they are cordially invited to address the author of the Cameleon.

This subject naturally leads me to give an account of a Club to which curiosity frequently carries me. It is composed of all who have received what are generally called *Flats* from the ladies, or in other words, of such as have fruitlessly addressed them. They meet to console one another, by declaiming against matrimony, and are *apparently* inveterate enemies to it. I shall here draw the characters of the principal members with which I shall conclude this number.

The president is a man totally destitute of abilities. His countenance is a mirror which reflects the vacancy of his mind. He is, notwithstanding, generous and good-natured. Before his admission into the Club, he was devoted to the ladies. His attentions being general, and they pleased with having a genteel man continually ready to attend them, cast a shade over his deficiencies and treated him as a favourite. He was at last struck with the beauty of Clarissa and enlisted himself in her service.

Those who before thought him incapable of loving, either envious of Clarissa's good-fortune or for some other cause, no longer countenanced him. The hand which supported him being thus withdrawn, he fell from the station which he had before held... But he was yet to experience a greater misfortune, his most assiduous attentions, could not soften the obdurate heart of Clarissa, who rejected his suit and thus exposed him to greater contempt. The Club was the only society in which he could now take refuge, where, on occount of his incapability to *speak*, he was elected president, the duty of that officer being simply to *listen*.

Rattle was a wild, irregular fellow whose actions frequently induced the public to think him deranged. He was formerly bold and impudent, had a high opinion of the elegance of his person, and confidently believed that every lady who saw him was instantly struck with the brilliancy of his eyes. Frequently while dressing before the glass, he became so enchanted with himself, that it was difficult to remove him from the contemplation of "his heavenly figure." When in company he behaved as if all were of the same opinion, and upon being introduced to any lady (which ceremony frequent rebuffs taught him to attend to) he invariably descanted upon the propriety of entering the marriage state...The manner in which he introduced the subject, was by declaring himself resolved to address a lady immediately... He then described the person with whom he was conversing, so exactly, that it was impossible not to discover to whom he alluded. After this he would pourtray himself in the most shining colours, declare that he possessed every virtue which could adorn the character of man and ask whether such a person would not be desirable. These preliminaries being adjusted (if he had not before the conclusion of them given great cause of offence) he openly avowed her to be the object whom he admired, and *humbly* offered himself as a candidate for her affections. When treated with the contempt which such conduct merited, he generally regretted that it was his misfortune to commit errors unintentionally, from which he was unable, on account of his *extreme diffidence*, to extricate himself. This conduct naturally led to expulsion from the society of ladies, and since his admission into the Club he has discovered the absurdity of his conduct, and often reflects with contrition upon his former misbehaviour. I have no doubt he will soon be a most worthy character; for notwithstanding these errors, he has a good heart and possesses many excellent qualities. But he has resolved to remain a bachelor and never more to shew his face among the ladies.

Prim is the next whom I shall notice. This gentleman is the honourable secretary, and is considered as the most sensible member of the Club. Prim, by assuming the character of a man of great information, was regarded by the females of his acquaintance as a prodigy of genius; he thus obtained the privilege of commenting upon every production. Nothing was praised by

them until sanctioned by his approbation, and if any one had inadvertently expressed her opinion, she trembled if he disagreed and instantly retracted it. He could converse on trifling ephemerals, had acquired a superficial knowledge of several languages, had skimmed the surface of natural history and could write verses. To satirize was his favourite theme, and the ladies were his topics of animadversion. Endowed with such transcendant qualities, he vainly imagined that no one could refuse him : but *Almeria,* whom he addressed (and whose virtues I shall describe at some future period) discovered his superficiality and banished him from her presence. He has now arrived at a mature old age, and though he inveighs against the sex, he is, I believe, their secret admirer. R.

For the Observer.

THE SATIRIST TURNED LOVER.

Among all those subjects out of which the satirist forms his variegated pictures, none furnishes a richer and more copious theme than the vices and follies of the female world. Here, restrained only by the rules of criticism, politeness and delicacy, the powers of wit and humour have enjoyed an unbounded scope, nor was it questioned before the time of Benjamin Bickerstaff, that general reproof was unsuited to this its most elegant and appropriate sphere. None more than I look with indulgence upon the frailties of woman, none more ready to pay unqualified devotion to her charms, and to "avenge even a look that would threaten her with insult." The dreams of poets...even the poetic declamations of Benjamin Bickerstaff, can add little to that brilliant image of female excellence which fills and occupies my imagination. But I must do justice to the powers of satire. I must be allowed to say, that Tabitha Simple has not overstepped the bounds of just censure, that she has only exercised in their full and legitimate strength, the powers of her office, and that her remarks breathe the spirit of pure and genuine satire. If she has given offence, it is no more than what her illustrious predecessors have done, and I encourage her to proceed, with a consciousness of genius, in the profession she has chosen. As for Benjamin Bickerstaff...*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit,* he is gone, he has deserted his post. *Hei mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus,* from being the stern censor of public morals, he has become the weak and effeminate advocate of female vanity. He is no longer the grave old man whose frown disperses the riot of noise and folly. He is the love-sick youth who wantons in all the luxury of soft desire. If this gentleman chose to disport in the ærial regions of fancy, to exalt the praise of female charms, and to sigh for the paradise of Mahomet, why did he assume the venerable character of censor? Why did he hold out the lash of folly. One would almost be tempted to think

the fable of Æson had been realised, and that this antiquated gentleman had exchanged the squalid guise of old age, for the lovely and resplendant form of youth, that his aged veins chilled and frozen with time, had burst with renovated ardor and expanded into all

"The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love."

Certainly a change so great, could not have been operated, without the interposition of some powerful and extraordinary cause. But alas! what says the Roman poet..." *Omnia, vincit, amor et nos cedamus amori.*"* Love tames the barbarian, conquers conquerors, and why may it not unnerve the chastening arm of the satirist. P.

* In hell and earth, and seas, and Heaven above,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.—

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————"

(Continued from p. 91.)

As he was intended for public life, so he received a public education, and was sent to Eton, when that school had attained a high degree of celebrity, under the auspices of Edward Barnard, M. A. who became head master in 1754.

At the age of thirteen, he distinguished himself by his exercises, which reflect great credit on his precocious talents, and some of his juvenile friends even then contemplated him as a future statesman and orator.* While his contemporaries, Storer and Hare, acquired great fame, the former by his verses beginning

"Vos valete & plaudite,"

and the latter by his

"Turnum ad certamen itura alloquitur Lavinia,"

* Lord Carlisle's auguries may be considered as strictly prophetical, and it ought not to be forgotten, that, unlike some other prophecies, they were pronounced long anterior to the events recorded:

"How will my Fox, alone from strength of parts,
Shake the loud Senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen! while around you stand
Both Peers and Commons list'ning your command.
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you."

young Fox attained high reputation by his

" Vocat labor ultimus,"

composed about the year 1761, his

" I, fugias, celeri volitans per nubila cursu,"

written in 1764, and his

" Quid miri faciat Natura,"

followed by a Greek dialogue, in 1765. We refer the curious to the " Musæ Etonenses; seu Carminum Delectus," for the particulars, but shall here transcribe the first of the pieces alluded to above, by way of specimen :

VOCAT LABOR ULTIMUS.

" Poscimur : at nobis si rite precantibus olim
Dixeris optatum, Musa, rogata melos,
Nunc quoque et emerito præsens succurre poetæ :
Dona ferens adeat sic tua fana cliens.
Tuque per Aoniis loca si celebrata Camoenis
Sæpe tua erravi, Pegase, vectus ope,
Decurso prope jam stadio, metamque sub ipsam,
Ne lassa infami membra pudore trahas.
Gentis amore Maro Latium canit : o mihi talis
Spiritus accedat ; non minor urget amor :
Ut patriæ, (neque enim ingratus natalia rura
Præposui campis, mater Etona, tuis)
Ut patriæ carisque sodalibus, ut tibi dicam
Anglice supremum Quinctiliane vale.
Si quid est, veteres quod Musa imitata, Latinis
Luserit aut Graiis non aliena modis
Omne tuum est ; mihi Pieridum de fonte sororum
Pura ministeriis contigit unda tuis.
Teque precor (levitas olim vesana fidelis
Respuit oblatam si monitoris opem,
Acrior aut si me commovit lingua, meisve
Moribus aut famæ virga meæ)
Ne tot consumptos tecum feliciter annos
Infelix animo deleat hora too.
Care vale, valeas et mater Etona, (supremum
Musea recinit tristis alumnus ope)
Prataque, et aeria splendentes vertice turres,
Silvaque carminibus concelebrata meis ;
Vosque adeo indigenæ quæ rivi in margine Musæ
Castalias Thamesi post habuistis aquas,
Extremum concede mihi, sacra turba, laborem ;
Sic beet emeritum non inhonesta rudis."

From Eton Mr. Fox removed to Hertford College, where he also distinguished himself by his talents, and Dr. Newcome, his tutor, was afterwards rewarded with the Primacy of Ireland for his services on this occasion. After remaining there for some time, he was immediately sent on his travels, according to the absurd custom of that day, by which an Englishman was bound to be better acquainted with the manners, fashion, and productions of every other country in Europe than his own. It will be

scarcely supposed, by those who have seen Mr. Fox, or examined his dress at any time during the last twenty years, that he had been once celebrated as a *beau garcon;* but the fact is, that at this period he was one of the most fashionable young men about town, and there are multitudes now living who still recollect his *chapeau bras,* his red-heeled shoes, and his blue hair-powder.

Meanwhile, his father, still keeping the original object in view, determined to inspire him with a taste for public business and accordingly, in the beginning of 1768, he was returned for Midhurst in the county of Sussex. Two things are remarkable on this occasion; the first is, that, like the celebrated Waller, he became a member of the house of commons before he attained the legal age; the second, that Midhurst was one of those very boroughs which he himself seems afterwards to have considered a nuisance in a free country.

As Lord Holland possessed the favour of Lord Bute, and enjoyed the confidence of his present Majesty, the career of public employments lay open to his son. Accordingly, he had been only two years in parliament when, on the 13th of February, 1770, he became a member of the Admiralty Board, at the time when the celebrated Admiral Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Hawke, presided there. On May 6, 1772, he resigned that situation, and on the 9th of January 1773, was nominated a Commissioner of the Treasury.

At this period his political principles appear to have been strictly in unison with those of his father, and he was often afterwards reminded by his adversaries that the doctrines advanced by him in the case of the printers who had been imprisoned, were rather unfavourable to the principles of liberty, while his assertion, "that the voice of the people was only to be heard in the House of Commons," was controverted by the whole tenor of the latter part of his life.

(To be continued.)

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 89.)

In a little while after this he published his Belisarius, which was censured by the Sorbonne, but applauded by all the literary circles of Paris. He then makes a journey to Aix la Chapelle and Spa with Madame de Seran, the Platonic favorite of the king, and there composes his *Incas.* He afterwards wrote several operas; and at last, at the age of fifty-four, marries Madlle. de Montigny, a young girl of eighteen, the niece of the abbé Morellet,

with whom he lives in great happiness and tranquillity till the æra of the revolution. In 1793, he retires for safety to Abloville, where he employs himself in the education of his children, and in composing these memoirs for their instruction. In 1797 he was elected a deputy to the National Assembly, and specially instructed to defend the Catholic religion ; but, before the end of the same year, the party to which he had attached himself was violently expelled ; and, narrowly escaping the *deportation* that fell to the lot of most of his coadjutors, he regained his retreat, where he remained, occasionally occupied with literary projects, till his life was terminated by apoplexy in December 1799.

There is nothing in this life, we think, that will appear very amiable to an English reader. The author's lightness of heart, his playful imagination, and splendid reputation, are no doubt extremely desirable; but there is too much profligacy and too much dependance for our insular taste ; and a man of letters in this country, we think, would scarcely condescend to owe his advancement to the favour of an actress, or the mistress of a minister. The charm of the book, indeed, does not consist at all in the interest excited by the personal adventures or personal character of the author, but in the picture it presents of Parisian society, and the portraits with which it is enriched of the individuals who then adorned it.

This society was, we are willing to believe, the most refined and accomplished that probably was ever assembled upon earth ; and was rendered engaging by an intimate and cordial union of literary talents with all the graces of female elegance, and all the polish of exalted rank. The men of letters learned facility from their fair auditors, who gained taste and intelligence from them in return ; and persons of the highest consideration in the country, by placing a part of their glory in the rank they held in such a combination, communicated to the whole a degree of dignity and personal consideration that has seldom fallen to the lot of talents elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this fascination, however, and in spite of the brilliant spectacle that such a society must have afforded to a spectator, we cannot help thinking that there was too much art and too much ambition in the system, to let it be always very delightful to those who composed it. It is with conversation, we believe, nearly as it is with life ; those enjoy it the most who give themselves the least trouble about it ; and an excessive anxiety to secure and to improve all its advantages, takes away more pleasure than can be bestowed even by its greatest excess. Wherever great pains are bestowed to render society select, a certain fastidious, jealous, and exclusive tone is generated by which the temper and the feelings which gave us the greatest relish for society are gradually perverted ; and wherever the art of talking is studied as a passport to distinction, the quiet and intimate enjoyment of conversation is almost infallibly lost ;

and the delightful, but unequal flow of spontaneous animation is exchanged for feats of practised vivacity. Society of this description is a scene of perpetual contention, rather than of amusement and relaxation. We enter it with some degree of anxiety, and leave it either filled with the vanity of successful exertion, or mortified with the impression of failure and defeat. In all great and polished capitals, there is a tendency, we think, to such a consummation. The multitude renders selection necessary, and the abundance of materials serves to make it easy; but selection necessarily leads to exclusion, and that, again, to exertion and constraint. It is known, that, to gain admission into such a circle, a certain ordeal must be passed, and certain qualifications exhibited. It would be a sort of fraud merely to show these like a ticket at the door, and to put them in our pocket as soon as our admission is secured. They must be exhibited daily; they must be compared and brought to the test. Exertion then necessarily takes the place of ease and enjoyment; the tone of a coterie gradually usurps the place of free and characteristic conversation; and, except where it is prevented by the exuberant spirits of youth, or the overflowing of constitutional gaiety, the intercourse of a very select society loses much of those simple graces and natural enjoyments that belong to accidental assemblies.

(To be continued.)

[All lovers of wit and humour will certainly find the following a high seasoned morceau.]

FROM THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

Of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and others.....Published at New-York.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

We were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the public. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this, doubtless, "best of all possible cities;" and, anxious to spare its worthy inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a "tobacco-stopper;" we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however we advise every body, man, woman and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper:——not that we write for money; for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downwards, we hold it in supreme contempt. The

public are welcome to buy this work, or not, just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public, and the publisher——we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased we give fair warning, we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze ; and, like the books of the Sybils, and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost forever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the public, and for the sake of the public's children, to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city, not to be alarmed at the appearance we make ;...we are none of those outlandish geniuses who swarm in New-York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbours; and who spoil the genuine honest American tastes of their daughters, with French slops and friccazeed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money...neither do we write for fame ;...we know too well the variable nature of public opinion, to build our hopes upon it...we *care* not what the public think of us, and we suspect before we reach the tenth number, they will not *know* what to think us. In two words... we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves... and this we shall be sure of doing ; for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work, we edify, and instruct, and amuse the public, so much the better for the public ; but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them, without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of it....While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily——if we moralize, it shall be but seldom ; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry ; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life—and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world...nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagancies of the ton : but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep a more than Cęberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum...we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanor or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New-York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate in any or all of the four elements ; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superin-

tending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world :——nor will the gentlemen, who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows, who sit stock still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was, at Miss ———'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and control of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, gent. to whom all communications on this subject are to be addressed. This gentleman, by being experienced in the routine of balls, tea-parties and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world, and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony, while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, and even grandames, of all the belles of the present day, provided their pedigrees extend so far back, without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task, in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh-riding, at night without their mammas or grand mammas, in short, without being matronized at all, and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing-bridge. He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid tea-visits, at three in the afternoon and returned before dark, to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard, in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's-head was quite out of town. Though he has slowly and gradually given into modern fashions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favour of the dress and manners of the *old school*, and his chief commendation of a new mode is, "that it is the same good old fashion we had before the war," It has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotillion is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures, and he tempers so happily the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school with the "hail fellow" familiarity of the new, that we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favourite with our readers ;...if not, the worse for themselves, as they will have to endure his company.

[*To be continued.*]

A girl is exhibiting in Yorkshire with *two tongues*. He will be a *bold man*, who will take the damsel to *wife*.

For the Observer.

POLITICAL....No. III.

AUSTRIA.

If any considerations could restrain my pen, with regard to the house of Austria, it would be the misfortunes of its army, which, as well as the hero that sustains its last hopes, is brave and worthy of admiration...but the present humiliation of that power should not mitigate the severity of these observations, since they embrace an essential part of the history of our age.

I will even add, that pity in this case would be out of season; for it is just to remain unmoved, when the dwelling of the selfish man (I will not say the blockhead and the scoundrel) is destroyed, who when his neighbour's house was on fire, far from using his endeavours to extinguish the flames, only mingled in the croud to enrich himself with plunder.

How far this comparison is just, the following facts will ascertain.

At the opening of the first campaign in 1792, twenty-two emigrants, forming a part of the army of the coalition, were made prisoners of war, and amongst them were some of the body guards of the king of France. The French princes *supplicated* the king of Prussia and the Austrian generals to interpose, that these unfortunate gentlemen might be included in the cartel of the prisoners of war, and protected against the scaffold, by declaring that just *reprisals* would be made if they were murdered. This reclamation, which should never have been necessary in a civilized nation, and which should still less have been refused, was however without effect.....,and these twenty-two unfortunate officers, perished at Paris by the hands of the executioner, in the square of *Greve*, a place which had always been appropriated to the execution of malefactors. From that moment all emigrants taken prisoners of war, were shot or guillotined, whilst Austria attached no more importance to them, than if they had been so many animals led to slaughter.

It is in vain to endeavour to excuse this *barbarity* by the terror which the revolution every where inspired. The proof that these murders might have been prevented, was, that when Robespierre caused a decree to be passed that no English prisoners should be taken, England very well knew how to compel France never to put this abominable decree into execution.... The proof that Austria and Prussia could also have claimed this privilege of war in favour of those who served under their colours, was that Russia and Suwarrow easily found a method to prevent these hateful assassinations, by threatening to make reprisals with the utmost severity.

If a greater number of emigrant prisoners were not destroyed, it was not then owing to the interferance of those whose soldiers they were, and who basely gave them up in their capitulations;

but the obligation is due to the humanity of the French generals themselves, such as Pichegru, Moreau and some others, who at their own peril, procured them the means of escaping death.*

In 1793 the Austrian army, combined with the English army under the duke of York took *Valenciennes*, after a bombardment of near fifty days. Austria set up her own arms, on all those places on which had formerly been those of France, and took possession of this fortress and places in its vicinity in her own name, in contempt of the rights of the young king of France (Louis the XVII. son of Louis XVI.) and immediately under the eyes of the French princes and the army of Condé, which served as allies with her troops.

From this moment discouragement and indignation took possession of the French. Many of them who abhorred the revolution had sought an asylum in the republican armies, in the hopes of passing over into the ranks of the coalesced armies ; they saw this step, and remained against their will under the republican colours.

The craftiness of the revolutionary government did not fail to take advantage of the false step of which I have just spoken, to convince the nation of the perfidy of these powers, and of their having the design to make France undergo the fate of Poland.

It was thus that the tyrants of France accomplished making their cause that of all their dupes, that of a great part of the French nation. Another circumstance added to the reluctanee of the French soldiers to pass over to the enemy. The deserters were confined at the farther extremity of Bohemia, of Hungary, and on the frontiers of Turkey ; the princes and the pretender were removed to a distance from the acting armies.

Often the Rhine was between the corps of Condé and the republicans, and the emigrants were constantly placed in the out posts, but by detachments. in order that they might be destroyed piecemeal.

Thus they made it a point, that desertion should be rendered repugnant to the French, whilst the commonest understanding would have pointed out the advantage of encouraging it by every possible means. Thus they forced young men who were in requisition, ill affected at first, it is well known, towards the republican cause, to fight in their own individual defence, or to perish under the guillotine which always followed the camps. They preferred fighting, became soldiers, officers and generals, and very soon became attached, by the hope and the example of advancement, to a cause which at first they detested.

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* Gen. *Souham*, who was broke and arrested in his turn in the affair of Moreau, distinguished himself on the contrary, a long time, by his alertness in discovering the French emigrants amongst the Austrian soldiers : but it was for the purpose of withdrawing them from the ranks, to be put to death—and Austria never hesitated at permitting this infamy.

If from the north we follow the steps of Austria into Italy, we shall not to be less shocked by the enormity and selfishness of her conduct.

The famous Suwarrow forces the French army across the Adige; nothing could withstand his impetuosity. At this moment the French general Macdonald was considered as cut off and lost in the kingdom of Naples; Moreau was reduced to delay in the state of Genoa with a handful of men; thus the intrepid Russian penetrated into Provence by a defile of the Alps, known by the name of *Col de Tende.*

From thence as far as Lyons, a great insurrection was organized by the influence and activity of general Villot (the same who was since transported to Cayenne with general Pichegru;) this combined movement might have been rendered decisive by a junction of the Russians; but Austria knew this: she feared that France, would throw off the revolutionary yoke with too much independence, and that the glory would belong too evidently to Russia.

However, whether prompted by himself or that it was the effect of the perfidious suggestions of others, Suwarrow arrested his progress, to march into Switzerland to the relief of prince Charles.

Twelve thousand mules and others beasts of burthen were necessary to enable him to cross this country. The Austrian general *Kray,* promises them to him. Suwarrow commences his operations; Kray disappoints him. By this delay Suwarrow loses his time, his baggage, his artillery and very soon his troops are obliged to stop, evercome with fatigue. Suwarrow could only resuscitate their courage by an energetic trait, worthy of being known, to all who appreciate military genius. He caused a pit to be dug in the midst of a group of worn out and disheartened soldiers; he got into it, wrapped himself up in his cloak, and this venerable general, grown grey in camps, and until then invincible, cried out, "*Let them bury me here, since my soldiers no longer know their general, since they no longer hear the voice of their father!!!*"

At this apostrophe, which electrified all those who heard it, the Russians fall on their kness around Suwarrow, and this great man saves the remnant of his army, by the most unheard of marches aud astonishing retreats over rocks and precipices which one would think could only be dared by Chamois and wild goats.

I have already made known the secret reason of this reverse, which has been fully substantiated: it was ENVY of the glory of Suwarrow which stung the Austrian cabinet. It was becasue Austria could not bear to see that this extraordinary man, astonished and overcame troops, which she had resisted with the utmost difficulty; it was because she hoped to have profited by the considerable advantages, which the Russians had gained over

the French, in order to open private negociations on the frontiers of France, and to remain alone in possession of the territory which Russia had taken from France in Italy.

But Buonaparte guessed this calculation; and the Austrians being left alone in consequence of the retreat of Suwarrow, he resolved to profit by their presumption, he passed Mount Bernard with the utmost rapidity, and appeared in Piedmont, before general Melas could be persuaded, that the information he had received of this gigantic project could be true.

The battle of Marengo opened his eyes too late; and Austria at the close of this day, lost by the memorable capitulation of Melas, all that Suwarrow had gained by force of valour, at the point of the bayonet, during many months contest.

The frontiers of France, now extended under the name of the Cisalpine republic, to the country of Venice, and the very borders of Austria, and now also Buonaparte obtained the advantage of rendering Russia the enemy of Austria, which was favouring him in one of the most interesting objects of his politics essentially founded on this maxim: *Divide ut regnus*...(Divide and reign.) M. A.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE DEATH.

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Died in England lately, Mr. Farmer, well known as a retailer of newspapers. He had acquired by his extraordinary industry, parsimony, and methods, peculiar to himself, a sum amounting to 9000l. His manners and external appearance indicated extreme poverty; his plaintive stories very soon excited pity, and induced many to act with tenderness towards him. The following circumstance has been related as the cause of Mr. Farmer's death. An old man, a news-dealer, being much afflicted with disorders incident to advanced age, wished to dispose of his business; the sum demanded for it was 50l....M. F. seemed inclined to purchase, but could not think of advancing so large a sum as 50l. at one time, but (supposing the old man could not live long) agreed to allow him 27s. per week during his natural life. These terms were agreed to; the old man retired into the country, recovered his health, returned to London, exhibited his person before Mr. Farmer, which operated upon him so powerfully, that the whole of his thoughts were engrossed with it, he gradually declined in health, his spirits became depressed, "sharp misery seemed to have worn him to the bone;" and, at last, distressed to part with the "darling object of his soul," in a flood of tears he retired to his garret, and in a few hours expired.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

TO A PRETTY SCHOOL GIRL.

Thy cheek was so blooming, and then from that eye,
Of blue, so enchanting, such rapture came to me!
I said to myself, as you lightly tripp'd by,
How easy 'twould be for those eyes to undo me!

And what tho' we ne'er 'chang'd a greeting 'till then,
I'm sure by the looks that we've giv'n one another;
Our hearts beat as truly congenial, as when,
In transport they flutter'd while press'd to each other:—

Olenia! I vow by that moment of bliss,
And each other moment, that I shall be loving;
There's ten times the rapture deriv'd from the kiss,
Which comes with a mixture of gentle reproving.

And still, tho' you chided and bade me depart,
And pleaded your youth with a look so divine;
I could not help thinking your sly little heart,
Seem'd pleas'd, as it witness'd the tremors of mine.

Then throw by thy sampler, sweet maid of fourteen!
And haste to the cottage I've deck'd out for thee:
There, while this heart beats, shalt thou reign its first queen,
O! come, sweet Olen a, to love and to me. PHILARIO.

AN INVOCATION, TO NAIADS AND WOOD NYMPHS.

Zephyr, whither art thou straying?
Tell me where;
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair.

A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honeysuckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hair-bell riding,
Free from care.

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air
At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair.

When on the trembling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lye lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share.

Now seen with lovelorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
Whist fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, oh rare!

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.